

I Didn't Care Until I Lost You

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Summary: Snotlout never thought that he would see his father this way. Weak. Frail. Dying. When Spitelout becomes ill with a sickness no Viking has seen before Snotlout is tasked to taking care of his father. But how can he when he hates him?

I Didn't Care Until I Lost You

****Another sad story by me. I'm an ass aren't I?****

****Oh and this does not take place in my Flight universe. It takes place more in the real canon universe.****

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><p>Snotlout never thought that he would see his father this way. Weak. Frail. Dying. But not in the way that Spitelout always swore he would go out, fighting tooth and nail to protect Berk. No, nothing like that. He was dying of a sickness no one, not even Gothi could even cure. And the gods knew how much Spitelout hated that kind of weakness.<p>

Snotlout shook his head aggravatedly. Why the Hells did this happen to his father? Why couldn't it be someone else? Any one! Even Silent Sven of all people! Snotlout ran his hands through his hair stressfully as he stomped towards his father's house, a scowl tarnishing his good features as he stopped at the door to his fathers house.

Snotlout sighed, as he slowly opened the door to his father's house, the creaking sound eerily loud in the deathly quiet confines of Snotlout's former house. Snotlout cringed as he looked around the unkempt house, weapons scattered around like leaves and the hearth

long dead, the ash scattered the floor by his father's aging Terrible Terror, Screechclaw.

"Father? I brought you your medicine. And some foodâ€¦" Snotlout called, peeking into his father's room with an ounce of worry showing on his face as he realized no reply had come from his father yet.

"Spitelout? Hey? Uhmâ€¦" Snotlout worriedly walked over to where his father was sleeping and roughly, though not fully meaning to be rough, Snotlout shook his father. Snotlout shook his father again this time much more hurriedly until he heard Spitelout growl angrily.

"Leave me alone."

Snotlout sighed in relief as he helped his father sit up so he could eat, and take his medicine. "I was worried there for a bit father. You didn't respon-"

"I was sleeping son. Or am I not allowed to sleep now that I have this sickness bullcrap?" Spitelout snarled, shooting an icy glare towards Snotlout. Snotlout shook his head confusedly as he backed away from his father, a confused expression on his face.

"But...? I justâ€¦ Fine. Who cares about you anyways? You're going to die anyways," Snotlout snapped as he whipped around and stormed away, face burning with rage.

Spitelout stared after his son, confusion masking his face as he heard the door to his house slam shut, shaking dust from the ceiling above.

Spitelout sighed miserably, shaking his head angrily as he weakly stood up, legs wobbling uselessly as he slowly, painfully walked to the washroom.

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><p>"Snotlout what is wrong?" Ruffnut asked as Snotlout stomped into their house, anger still flushing in his cheeks.<p>

"My idiot father, what else? He's being stubborn and stupid as usual," Snotlout snapped as he threw the basket of breakfast foods Ruffnut had cooked up for his father earlier to the floor.

Ruffnut winced slightly as she placed a hand on her husband's shoulder reassuringly. "Snotlout, your father is just upset and moody. I mean you would be too if you had to be fed by your son-or in your case, daughter-because you couldn't yourself."

Snotlout sighed grumpily, slumping into his chair by the hearth with a heavy sigh. "I know that I should give him a chance Ruff butâ€¦ Ugh. He is so impossible. Every time I offer him help he denies it and calls me weak for wanting to help him. Do you know how frustrating it gets to constantly be pushed away and called weak? I hate him."

Ruffnut sighed stressfully as she walked over to where Snotlout was sitting, rubbing at his temples stressfully. "Snotty please. I know

how frustrating it gets taking care of Spitelout of all people. He's such a stubborn old bat he would much rather wither into a corpse than get help. But you two are related Snotlout. You can't just brush him off just because your bitter with him. He needs you, more than you care to realize some days."

Snotlout shot Ruffnut an icy glare as he turned away from his wife with a huff of pure annoyance.

"Ugh! Snotlout, look at what you are doing! You are literally your father-"

"Don't ever, ever compare me to my father Ruffnut. I don't care if we act alike or even look alike, I am nothing like my father," Snotlout snarled, his eyes glowing with a venom Ruffnut had never seen before.

"Fine. But if you are going to be so grumpy Snotlout I am going to go hang out at Grim's house. At least she won't be mopping over the fact that her father is stubborn," Ruffnut said icily as she stood up from where she had been sitting and marched over to the wall where her helmet was hanging and with a last look towards her husband, she stomped out the door.

Snotlout sighed bitterly as he watched his wife stomp out, then with an overly exaggerated roll of his eyes Snotlout stood up from his chair, slowly walking up the stairs to his kids room. Snotlout walked over to his daughter's bed slowly reaching out to stroke her thick black hair.

"Oh Svalva! You are so lucky. You have no responsibilities or duties. I'm sort of jealous of you kid," Snotlout muttered, gently placing his nose in his daughter's long hair. Snotlout breathed in the smell of lavender and with a weary sigh he slowly, carefully got up from his daughter's bed, and walked down the stairs to stoke the fire.

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><p>Snotlout awoke to the sound of the door creaking open slightly. Slowly, with a tired groan Snotlout stood up, rubbing at his eyes tiredly.<p>

"Hey Ruffnut!"

Snotlout heard a small acknowledging noise from Ruffnut, but nothing more. Snotlout looked up wearily as he heard Ruffnut's footsteps come closer to where he had so gracelessly fallen earlier that morning.

Ruffnut's hand brushed against Snotlout's shoulder as she leaned down slightly to get eye level with her husband and gently she pushed him back to sit in chair. "Snotlout. I had a chat with Hiccup a bit ago. He understands your anger, and frustration with your dad but he has no one else to spare to take care of your father. You will have to take care of him till we find a cure or he dies. Hate to say it honey!"

Snotlout groaned as he gazed into the rich blue eyes of his wife. "Ruffnut, please. Stop. It's frustrating enough as it is listening to

my father but listening to you? Defending my father? Ugh. It frustrates the Hel out of me."

Ruffnut's stern gaze softened as she gently put a hand on her husband's chest, halting him from moving an inch out of his chair. "Lout honey. This is your responsibility. You can't shirk it just because you hate your father. I mean you still do your duties for Hiccup, and you listen to Hiccup of all things, so why can't you listen to him one more time and care for your father? If you don't I will force you to take care of Barf and Belch for a month."

Ruffnut smiled as she noticed Snotlout cringe at the idea of actually having to take care of her messy, uncoordinated dragon, and with a dramatic, overly dramatic in her opinion, sigh Snotlout nodded his head in stiff agreement.

"Good! Now go. Before I drag you there and force you to stay there with your father all night," Snotlout cringed more at this, glancing at Ruffnut with an expression that said "you're joking, right?" Ruffnut raised an eyebrow at Snotlout, then gently put her arm around him, pulling him out from his chair.

Ruffnut handed Snotlout his helmet, which he took gratefully from her, as he slowly headed towards the door, making sure to stay quiet so Svalva didn't wake up. As Snotlout's hand grasped for the door handle he felt Ruffnut grab his arm for a second and gently pull him away from the door.

"Thank you Snotlout. I know you hate doing this honey, but it's for the best," Ruffnut said as she pulled Snotlout in for a hug, slowly resting her chin against Snotlout's broad shoulders. Ruffnut pulled away from the hug, which encited a huff from Snotlout, then she gently kissed him on the cheek, pushing him away towards the door with a mischievous smile.

* * *

><p>Snotlout reached the door of his old house by the time the sun had just barely reached halfway to the middle of the sky and with a rapid knock on the door, Snotlout peeked inside.<p>

"Hey father?" No answer. Snotlout gritted his teeth as he walked inside, instantly a strange smell hit his nose. "Oh gods what is that? Screechclaw! Did you barf all over the place again?" Snotlout snapped as he headed towards his father's room, all the while waving his hand in front of his nose in a failed attempt to wash away the scent from his nostrils.

"Blargh," Snotlout said as he avoided a pile of who-really-knows-what-the-hell it was and shoved open the door to Spitelout's room.

"Uhâ€¦ Spitelout?" Snotlout asked as he took in the sight of his father laying on the ground, arm twisted under his body.

"Oh my gods! Father!" Snotlout squeaked as he bolted to his dad's side, picking up his father's surprisingly light frame in his arms and hoisting him into his bed. "Damnâ€¦ I'm going to need to get some kind of helpâ€¦"

Snotlout turned away from where he had placed his father, worry eating away his anger at his father almost instantaneously as he headed towards the door of the house to find somebody to help him.

Snotlout's hand was a millimeter away from the door when he heard his father's voice, weak and coughing jaunt from his room. "No, Snotlout. Don't leave meâ€¦ Pleaseâ€¦"

Snotlout gritted his teeth, angry at his father's stubbornness but at the same time he somehow felt happy that his father wanted him to stay. Snotlout walked back to where his father was laying, a pained look on his face.

"Snotlout, I'm sorryâ€¦" Spitelout's eyes shifted guilty as Snotlout sat next to him, a trace of bitterness still evident in his face as he glanced at his father.

Spitelout opened his mouth to say something but instead his body was shaken by a huge, wracking cough. The older Viking covered his mouth weakly, a grimace of pain ghosting over his face and glistening in his eyes.

Snotlout stretched a hand towards his father instinctively, hoping to try to comfort him but a swift glance from his father caused Snotlout to shot his hand back from his father. Snotlout shut his eyes for a quick second but a second long enough to miss Spitelout's face fall with a mix of sadness, confusion and anger.

"Why do you want me to stay Father? I know you hate me for not being perfect or even being Hiccup. I know you think I'm a disappointment just because I'm not perfect like you," Snotlout snapped as he turned his head away from his father's gaze, eyes stinging with a hint of tears.

"Sonâ€¦ Don't. I realized that you can't change and be me, which is what I had wanted from you for so long. To be a better meâ€¦ But I realized far too late that you are just fine the way you are. I was angry, and I took it out on you. I regret that inevitably Snotlout," Spitelout broke off as another round of hacking coughs shook his body. Worry sparked in Snotlout as he saw flecks of blood trickle down his father's mouth, though Spitelout attempted to wipe it away weakly.

"Father, please don't talkâ€¦ Iâ€¦" Snotlout said worriedly, his ice-blue eyes glinting with emotions he never thought he would feel around his father's presence. Spitelout shook his head slightly to Snotlout, slowly reaching out to grasp his son's arm.

"Snotlout listen to me. I don't care anymore about you being "perfect" because you already are. You have a kid, a wife and the best dragon of them all. What more could I want?" Spitelout said, a small, almost happy smile curving his lips as he stared at his son.

Snotlout stared in shock at his father, who still had a happy expression on his face, and slowly he placed his hand on Spitelout's shoulder.

"Thanks, father," Snotlout's voice held little confidence though as

he looked into his father's eyes, but nonetheless there was a small smile on his face.

"I love youâ€¦ Son," Spitelout whispered, slowly, painlessly closing his eyes and slowly the breath left his body.

"Father! No!" Snotlout cried as soon as he realized his dad was gone, the man he had tried so hard to impress and seemingly failed to do so was dead. Snotlout collapsed onto his father's body, arms wrapping around the still frame as tears slipped from his eyes. I'm so sorry fatherâ€¦

Snotlout closed his eyes as he pressed his face against his father's chest, sobs quietly wracking his body as he squeezed his father's still body harder than usual.

"I love you too, Dad."

* * *

><p>I just realized how much Snotlout sighs in this. Wow Snotty, you need to chill buddy. Oh and if you didn't notice neither Spitelout nor Snotlout ever called each other Dad or son (until the end durh) because neither really were close enough to ever say that to one another. It's sort of a trust and love thing for them to call each other those names.

End
file.